

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MARY FRANZ, still wan and listless from a recent illness, sat at a front window of Mrs. Kelly's rooming house in West Denver, looking out with wistful dark eyes. It was beginning to snow again and as she saw the great feathery flakes blown by the rising wind, Mary shivered and drew her old crimson scarf up about her thin shoulders. Nearing the end of March and still another snowstorm! That would worry Mrs. Kelly, who declared she had done nothing for six months but shovel in coal and shovel off snow.

For so young a girl, Mary was burdened with unusual care. She was thinking that she could not go on depending on kind Mrs. Kelly, who had her toil-reddened hands so much fuller than her house. When father Franz was alive it was different. He taught violin and was one of the city's best orchestra leaders. There was money enough to live comfortably and send Mary to school. But half a year had passed since she had been bereaved, left lonely, and little by little the small nest egg had dwindled.

"If only I could play like dad," thought Mary sadly. "Of course I could play in a small orchestra or even teach beginners. But I know so few people. How can I get a start?"

She must sell her own violin. Mrs. Kelly had advertised for her in the paper. Her father's rare old instrument she would keep always. He had treasured it as one of those perfect things that had come long ago from Cremona. Perhaps it had been made by the inspired hands of Amati himself. It was worth a little fortune, but mostly Mary valued it as her father's great pride, his constant companion.

"And next Sunday is Easter," reflected Mary with a slight shock as a florist's



One Easter Lily Delivered

By Daisy D. Stephenson

wagon drew up outside. "People are sending flowers already. I wonder who in this house is so lucky." She was not long in doubt, for Mrs. Kelly having gone over to corner store Mary answered the door.

Blue with cold, the boy simply thrust a paper-covered plant at her, said, "One lily delivered" and vanished in a swirl of white.

"Mrs. Kelly may know about it," decided Mary, taking the plant into the room where she had been sitting. But Mrs. Kelly did not know.

"It's nobody in this house would be

getting posies unless it's yourself, Mary. My, but it's a whopper!" Mrs. Kelly was still purple and puffing from her errand. She removed the lavender paper and revealed to her own awed admiration and Mary's a wonderful lily, green and stately, its sturdy stem bearing white and gold chalices and many waxen buds.

"There's a card," said Mary, and Mrs.

Kelly, mistress of ceremonies, opened the tiny envelope with a puzzled frown on her kind, fat face. "A happy Easter to my little shut-in from her loving friend, — Mrs. Peter Pan!" Mrs. Kelly was slightly dazed. "And who is this Mrs. Pan friend of yours, Mary?"

"She isn't. I never heard of her! I mean, it can't possibly be for me," cried Mary, suddenly recalling the lovely youthful play she had seen and its hero, Peter. "I haven't a single friend who could send me a plant like this."

"That visitin' nurse, maybe," suggested Mrs. Kelly, pressing a pudgy finger to her brow in concentration. Mary shook her glossy black head.

"She'd love to do it but she's almost as poor as I am."

"Then I give up, and do you do the same, dearie," urged Mrs. Kelly cheerfully. "Just get busy and enjoy it. Did you ever smell anything as near like the heavenly gardens?"

Mary was examining the florist's card. "It's from that nice shop around the corner on the avenue. Well, I must let the florist know he's made a mistake, or the delivery boy did. There's no name anywhere, Mrs. Kelly, and the address is so scrawly I can't read it myself. Look! This might be a one or a seven and that zero could easily be a six. Whoever wrote down the address ought to take writing lessons."

Somebody was hammering vigorously



at the back door, so Mrs. Kelly bustled away, leaving Mary hovering over the blossomy plant, inhaling its exquisite fragrance. Her father had brought her a small one last Easter. How she had cherished it and how it had brightened their small back apartment!

Mary ran to the window. If some one came along, some one who looked obliging, a whistling boy or a pleasant-faced girl perhaps — if only *the* girl would happen along and look up and smile as she sometimes did! For long minutes Mary stood waiting, as people hurried along, but she saw no one of whom she felt she might ask a favor. Once she tapped on the window hastily, but the boy in the plaid mackinaw grinned and hurried on.

"Maybe if I wrapped up, it wouldn't hurt," thought Mary. "It's only a little distance." Then her dark eyes sparkled and with a little excited gesture she waved and tapped on the pane.

A girl was crossing over, headed up the street, — a tall, graceful girl in a furred brown coat and a jaunty little hat, the hue of an autumn leaf. She looked up and she smiled. Then her expression changed to surprise as Mary beckoned to her. A little breathless at her daring, when she found herself greeting the young stranger, Mary explained shyly.

"I'm sure it's a mistake and I do want the right person to have it this evening," she told the interested girl whose clear eyes matched the rich fur at her throat.

"Of course, I'll be glad to tell the florist. It's no trouble, but — " Her eyes glanced from the plant to the pale young girl in the shabby dress. "Are you the one who plays the violin so beautifully?"

Mary glowed, then the old shadow returned. "I often practice, but it was my father who gave lessons. He was Emil Franz and had his own orchestra. He — is dead."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" The visitor's voice was deep with sympathy. "I've often heard him play, but I did not know he was gone. Were you advertising a violin for sale? Daddy — he's Dr. Wright and we live over east on the avenue — talked of looking at it for my young brother."

"It's a very good violin," Mary assured her honestly, "and like new. I am offering it for half price. It is my own. I shall always keep father's."

"I'll tell Daddy to stop in. He's a pretty good judge of tone and," she laughed softly, "I can certainly testify that you are the most honest person I've met in a blue moon. I hate to have you send that lily back. Are you sure it wasn't meant for you?"

Mary smiled faintly into Peggy Wright's sweet face. "Very sure," she repeated. "It couldn't be for me."

Half an hour later a chastened delivery boy claimed the plant, and with its removal the threadbare room looked desolate and barren indeed. "I'm glad it was here for a little while," thought Mary, groping her way through the shadowy hall toward the kitchen whence violent odors of cabbage and boiling beef escaped. "I do hope whoever gets the lovely lily isn't very sick. Those buds will all be out by Easter."

Next afternoon a brisk, bearded man whose whole appearance stamped him as a physician, called to see the violin. "I used to fiddle some myself," he told Mary, his keen eyes sizing up the situation instantly. He drew the bow across the strings with the pleased expression of a busy small boy who is allowed a brief recess. "I like it. What is it worth?"

"You may have it for seventy-five dollars. That is half price," Mary told him. She almost held her breath. It seemed a great deal of money to her. Evidently it did not appall Dr. Wright, who played a bit, then without more ado wrote her a check, and with a pleasant word or two, went his way with the violin.

Mary felt quite rich and hopeful. She could pay Mrs. Kelly a month in advance. She must get some shoes and a simple black dress. One must look respectable when asking strangers for work. The next evening she had an unexpected but very welcome caller. Peggy Wright, vivid as a flame, ran in with the air of an old friend. Peggy's brown eyes held golden stars and the red in her cheeks vied with the wooly tam she wore.

"I simply had to skip over and tell you that the rightful heir to the lily was a patient of Dad's! Isn't it funny?" she laughed delightfully. "A ten-year-old, Marion Lowrie, who has had her leg in a cast for months. I'd told Dad about the lily and when he happened to see the card on Marion's table with the plant, he had the solution for us."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Mary. "But I hope the poor little thing isn't going to stay crippled."

"No, she'll be all right soon, Daddy thinks. And Mrs. Peter Pan is Marion's Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Morton. She directs our orchestra, too, and is so full of fun and so girlish, in spite of being mother to two babies, that some one nicknamed her that. You see, she refuses to grow up!"

Here Peggy subsided into the chair Mary was offering. "I always run on so fast I get out of breath," smiled Peggy. "And I had another reason for coming. But — do you feel stronger? I wouldn't ask a favor for anything if you weren't well enough — " She eyed expectant Mary doubtfully.

"Anything," Mary assured her eagerly. "I'd love to do anything for you."

"Well, you see, our little orchestra has

been practicing for dear life over a month for the Easter program. It's our very first appearance and we wanted to surprise everybody. Then," Peggy's bright face clouded, "Charlie Darrow, our first violin, up and left for Utah! Oh, he had to. His father had a position offered him and they had to leave immediately. But you see where it puts us. We need a good violinist who can read at sight and can answer our call of distress — this very evening. We are to rehearse at our house in an hour. And I meant to say Mrs. Morton said to tell you we couldn't pay what it's worth, but if you'll take the job, it ought to be five dollars a week." Then she fairly hung on Mary's reply.

Mary was very pink. She leaned forward, imploring, "You're sure you want me? Sure it's not a mistake? Because I'd love to do it and — it would be a wonderful help besides."

Peggy's warm heart went out to the lonely girl. Her voice was a bit choky as she answered positively, "It is not a mistake like the lily. We want you and we do need you."

Mary rose with shining eyes. "If you'll excuse me a few minutes I'll go with you," she said, her voice singing. She found Mrs. Kelly ironing shirts in the kitchen and told her the news rapturously. "It's the beginning, Mrs. Kelly. Don't you think so?"

"Sure, Mary, it's the door that's opening to all sorts of nice things for you, and it's you that deserves 'em," declared Mrs. Kelly glowing as if she had received good news herself. "Easter's a time for new things, Mary, whether it's the buds bustin' on the lilac bush or the cheepin' chickabiddies in the coop, or you goin' out with your pretty new friend, the Doctor's daughter. Luck to you, dearie."

So it happened that Mary led the little orchestra that bright Easter morning and the sun streamed gloriously through the stained glass windows and the waxen lilies at the altar gave forth their rare incense. And into Mary's life came that beautiful magic that every boy and girl, every man and woman, should cherish, for it is Hope, and its sturdy companion is called Courage.

For Breakfast

BY MARJORIE DILLON

It's strange how things we never like
Are always good for us;
There's oatmeal, — got to eat the stuff,
No use to make a fuss.

There's orange juice, it's not so bad,
But prunes — excuse me, please!
Sometimes I have to eat the things,
It never helps to tease.

Crisp toast and eggs are pretty good,
But if I had my way,
A dozen pancakes I would have
For breakfast every day.

His Majesty William Smith

*By Russell Gordon Carter

CHAPTER III



T that dramatic moment William strode majestically across the floor and took his place at the head of the table. From other parts of great hall came

the ministers — first the Chancellor, looking rather annoyed, then Manx and Glum and Von Gloom, and last of all Sapp.

Suddenly some one cried: "'Tis the King! Long live the King!"

Then what a demonstration there was! The tapestry on the walls fairly shook with it. Sabres rose and flashed in the sunlight. Fans and handkerchiefs fluttered in the hands of pretty ladies. And the Countess of Cax, who had noticed the resemblance between William's chin and that of the late king, shouted, "I told you so!" at old Gigi, and the general nodded and smiled, and the countess told her neighbor, and her neighbor told some one else, and soon everyone knew that the mysterious and handsome young nobleman who was holding the reception was William Smith, of New York, nephew of the late lamented monarch. Long live William Smith! Long live the King of Bungalia! Then the room buzzed more loudly than ever with excitement, for the Bungalians are a temperamental people.

William, seated at the long table, glanced from one to another of the men who were planning to kidnap him that night. He struck the table with the palm of his hand. Instantly a hush fell upon the room. William looked fixedly at the Minister of War.

"Von Gloom," he said majestically, "it is now eleven o'clock; at half past twelve you will review all the royal troops. Then in person you will put them through all the major maneuvers, including a sham night attack."

A murmur of approval swept the hall, and William realized that he had done a popular thing.

Von Gloom's face was the color of chalk against his black beard. He moistened his lips. "Yes, your Majesty," he mumbled.

"You," said William, with a glance at the Chancellor, "will mount the best steed in the royal stables and ride to all the towns throughout the realm. Get from each *burgomaitre* a written statement of the chief causes of the rioting within his town."

"Yes, your Majesty," replied Lax tremulously. He was no coward, but the thought of riding all afternoon and perhaps half of the night through country where everybody was hostile toward all government officials made him shiver.

"Manx," continued William, "we shall require you to count all the gold in the treasury. We must know exactly how much there is before another day passes."

A loud murmur of approval came from everyone except the Minister of the Exchequer, for the courtiers knew what liberties Manx had been taking with the public funds.

The fellow's little eyes, which were very close together from reading the numbers on the coins, gleamed spitefully, but he inclined his head and murmured, "Yes, your Majesty."

William glanced about the hall and spied old Gigi; the general's eyes were twinkling, and his face was red. He nodded ever so slightly, and William addressed the Minister of State:

"Glum, you will make us a copy of the Constitution. We must have it by morning."

The minister's lower jaw dropped, and several of the courtiers tittered, for the Constitution of Bungalia is one of the longest legal documents in existence.

"And, Sapp," resumed William, "you will at once start preparations for a banquet in honor of the nobility of the land; it shall take place at six o'clock this evening."

Only their instinctive dignity prevented the spectators from shouting; there had not been a royal banquet in Bungalia for ten years. The old king had had dyspepsia and had apparently assumed that everyone else had it too. At least he had given no banquets.

"But, your Majesty," Sapp protested, "isn't this rather short notice? I—I—"

William simply stared at him as a king might stare at a cat; it was the severest kind of rebuke, and Sapp fidgeted and trembled. His face twitched; he moistened his lips. Then he said, "Yes, your Majesty."

William rose, and his ministers rose with him. Expressions of admiration and approval sounded on every hand. King William Smith, monarch of all the Bungalians, had won the hearts of the nobles. Moreover — though they didn't know it — he had foiled a plot. His ministers would have other things to occupy them that night besides kidnapping.

The courtiers made way for William and Gigi. Ladies and gentlemen bowed

low, and the two passed out into the hall and ascended the stairs to the royal chambers. And there from the window they saw something that made the boy grin with delight and the old man chuckle with silent mirth. They saw the Chancellor, who was no horseman, mount a fiery steed, which promptly ran away with him. Clatter, clatter, clatter they went across the courtyard and out the gate, the horse plunging like a wild mustang, the Chancellor clinging desperately to the creature's neck.

"Well," said old Gigi, "he's off to a good start anyway. Your Majesty was clever to think of putting them all to work."

"Work is what they need most," said William sagely.

At half past twelve William and Gigi watched the review from the window — and a motley review it was! No two soldiers were dressed alike; no soldier had a complete uniform. Here and there you could see a gun, and here and there a sword, but most of the army carried long sticks, and one fellow had a fishing-pole. Tall soldiers stood beside short soldiers, fat soldiers beside lean soldiers. Some stood with their toes in, some with their toes out. There was no such thing as a straight line, and everybody looked tired and bored. The army had been idle for so long they had quite forgotten how to drill.

High on a platform that had been hastily erected stood Von Gloom; he looked angry and nervous and ashamed — as indeed he should have been. He gave the command to march, and the army seemed suddenly to have begun to play some intricate child's game. They didn't march; they moved like chickens in a barnyard.

William looked at Gigi, who hung his head. "Poor Bungalia!" murmured the general. "I—I think I'll offer my resignation."

"But, General, we cannot accept it," said William. "We need you to make an army of those chickens. Tomorrow when we know how much money Manx has left in the treasury we'll buy equipment, and you'll start to drill them."

"Yes, your Majesty," replied Gigi, and there was determination in the old man's eyes.

After Von Gloom's "gloomiest" had shown how an army should not drill, they straggled off to the hills to show how an army should not maneuver. William and the general hadn't the heart to go and watch. The Bungalian fleet should have taken part in those maneuvers, but the captain of the *Flora* had gone fishing down the river somewhere, and Von Gloom's order had not reached him. Fortunately for the country, the maneuvers were only maneuvers, and not war!

(To be continued)

Marks and Marksmanship

By John Gottlieb Halbedel

IT was on a bright spring day that Freddy Kent with other boys was playing in his yard, where bottles, cans and marbles offered easy targets for their rifles. Kent had just swept a "glassy" from the top of a nearby fence post, when his mother called from the open kitchen door.

"Don't shoot around here, Freddy," she warned. "You might hurt some one. Go somewhere else." Mrs. Kent went back into the kitchen, closing the door behind her with a smart bang.

Kent lowered his rifle and looked shyly toward the next house, where Margaret Baxter was sitting on a wooden bench. She had been watching Freddy for some time. She even admitted to herself that he really was a good shot. Freddy now smiled at her, but she didn't see him.

Margaret Baxter, his best girl friend, was a kind-hearted little girl of twelve, with dark eyes, which Freddy so much wished she would turn in his direction. Well — she just didn't. The girl smiled down at her sleeping doll in her lap and hummed a little song to herself. Just then Mrs. Baxter appeared. Margaret looked up to her mother.

"Margaret," she said, "run down to the corner and mail this letter for me. It's for grandfather. I've invited him to your birthday party."

"It's on Easter Sunday this year; isn't it, Mamma?"

"Yes; but go now."

Mrs. Baxter smiled and went back into the house. Margaret set her doll down on the wooden bench and dashed off to mail the letter her mother had given her. But she had hardly passed out of sight when a tall, freckle-faced boy whispered into Freddy's ear:

"I'll bet a thousand dollars you can't shoot a marble off that doll's head." Here he pointed toward Margaret's doll, which was propped up against the wall of the house.

"That doll cost ten dollars, Freckles," Freddy Kent hinted, grinning slyly.

"Naw, it didn't!" Freckles drawled, with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Yes, it did, too. Margaret's mother said so herself," Freddy argued.

"A-aw, he's stallin'," shouted a little imp behind him.

"Shure, he is!" several boys shouted in a chorus.

"I'll bet you a million dollars he *can*!" cried a thick-set, red-headed youngster, defending Freddy's cause.

"Show 'm up, Freddy," urged another.

Freddy Kent looked at the doll. With his grey eyes, he measured the distance.

"It's too far away," he murmured to himself, thinking hard whether he should try or not. He hesitated a moment.

"Ha-ha-ha; he's afraid; he's afraid!" one of the bigger boys teased.

"O' course, he is. He might get a lickin'," Freckles snickered.

"You're right, Freckles. He don't dare," challenged another lad.

Freddy had turned quite pale. He gazed toward the street to see if the girl was coming back. Oh, how he wished she would. Well — she just didn't.

One of the haughtiest boys laughed out loud; the other boys joined him. Then a chorus of wild screams followed that made Freddy's face flush with anger. Kent's cheeks burned; his eyes blazed. The blood within him was boiling. He would show that snickering bunch that he could shoot a marble off a doll's head, as well as from the top of a fence post.

"Put a marble on that doll's head, Freckles," he commanded. "I'll show you a thing or two."



"Here 'tis," Freckles cried, dashing up to the doll, and balancing a tiny black ball on the doll's head. It was the smallest marble he had. Freckles ran back and joined the boys crowding around Freddy Kent.

All were anxious to see Freddy shoot down that marble. The face of every boy twitched with excitement. Eager eyes stared at the tiny ball on the doll's head. Their hearts beat wildly in the tense moments that followed.

And Freddy Kent? From his pleasant face had gone the first flush of excitement and anger. He raised his rifle, with the queer feeling that the doll was in great danger. He aimed at the black little marble on the doll's head and an instant later pulled the trigger.

POP!! went the rifle.

A clinking followed, as of broken glass — a shriek of terror — then loud wailing. The doll's head, made of porcelain, fell in pieces upon the bench and sidewalk. The innocent marble rolled out of sight.

Margaret Baxter, who was just then

returning, stared from her beheaded doll to Freddy Kent; from Freddy Kent to her beheaded doll. Through the veil of her tears, he looked like a monster. Amid sobs and wails, she gathered the pieces and tried to rebuild her doll's head. But this she discovered she could not do. So she cried harder and wailed louder than before. At last Margaret picked up her headless doll and laid her into the doll carriage.

"I'll never — never speak to you again, Freddy Kent!" she cried, and shook her chubby little fist at the guilty boy. "You — you — freshy!" she flared at him, dragging the doll carriage after her as she went into the house.

When Margaret Baxter had disappeared, Freddy looked about him. He found himself deserted. His companions had scurried away when they saw that there was trouble brewing. They had left the unlucky marksman flat. Convinced that Margaret would never speak to him again, Freddy went into his house and did not come out again that day.

A little later, on coming home from school one day, he saw a tall man nailing a red card beside Margaret's front door. He stood staring at the red card — long after the man had gone away.

"DIPH — THE — RI — A," he read. Freddy turned white. With his eyes cast down, he slunk home. He felt guilty. He was torn by regret and sorrow.

Two weeks had already passed since the red card was tacked beside the front door of Margaret's house. He had heard that it was Margaret who had the disease. He felt sorry for the girl. And Freddy was himself getting paler daily. He hardly ate, and passed sleepless hours many a night. His crystal set stood neglected on a little table beside his bedroom window. The moving-picture machine, with which he so often had entertained his many friends, lay forgotten under films, screws, marbles, door knobs, and other articles in his tool box.

Evenings, Freddy sat figuring up his savings. Of these he kept a careful record. He was saving his pennies to realize a dream. Freddy wanted a bicycle. He also hoped to become a messenger boy — and when he was older a telegraph or a radio operator. He even dared to hope some day to become an electrical engineer.

"I suppose you'll buy yourself a bicycle soon, Freddy," his father said one evening, looking over the top of his newspaper.

"No, I don't think I'm going to buy a bicycle"; Freddy sighed, and gazed dreamily at the flickering flame of the high table lamp.

"You're not going to buy a — a bicycle?"

Freddy shook his head sadly.

Mr. Kent dropped his newspaper. He

was puzzled by his boy's sudden change of mind. He was about to say something, when Freddy put his hands on his father's arm.

"Papa," Freddy said, pushing aside his finished school lessons, "can I buy what I want with my money?"

"Surely, my boy. It's yours, isn't it? And if you have made up your mind to buy something, let me advise you to buy something worth while. Since you don't care to have a bicycle, what are you going to buy?" Mr. Kent asked, folding up his newspaper.

"A doll," Freddy informed him, turning red.

"A doll!" Mr. Kent exclaimed in surprise. "But Freddy, what are you — a big boy — going to do with a doll?"

"It's for Margaret Baxter next door," Freddy confessed, and told the sad story of his unlucky shot.

"That was a contemptible thing to do, my boy," Mr. Kent said earnestly.

Freddy nodded silently. He admitted that it was a mean trick he had played on Margaret Baxter.

"I understand now why you don't want a bicycle. You're right, Freddy. Better go and buy that doll," the boy's father advised. "You must pay this price for your mischief. And now you see, Freddy, for every mean action, God makes us suffer a painful punishment. Remember this the next time you feel like playing a trick on somebody."

"I think this will teach Freddy a helpful lesson," said Mrs. Kent, who sat knitting opposite father and son. She was glad that her son had told the truth. Mrs. Kent was really proud of him, because she thought that a boy who not only sees and admits his mistake but is also trying to correct it will grow up to be a real man. And this Freddy had always hoped to be, — a real man.

Late in the afternoon, the following day, Freddy visited Brennan's toy shop.

"How much will you charge for this doll, Mr. Brennan?" Freddy asked the kind-hearted toy maker, and pointed at a big doll lying on a nearby shelf.

"Kent Junior, this is an expensive doll. It'll cost you ten dollars."

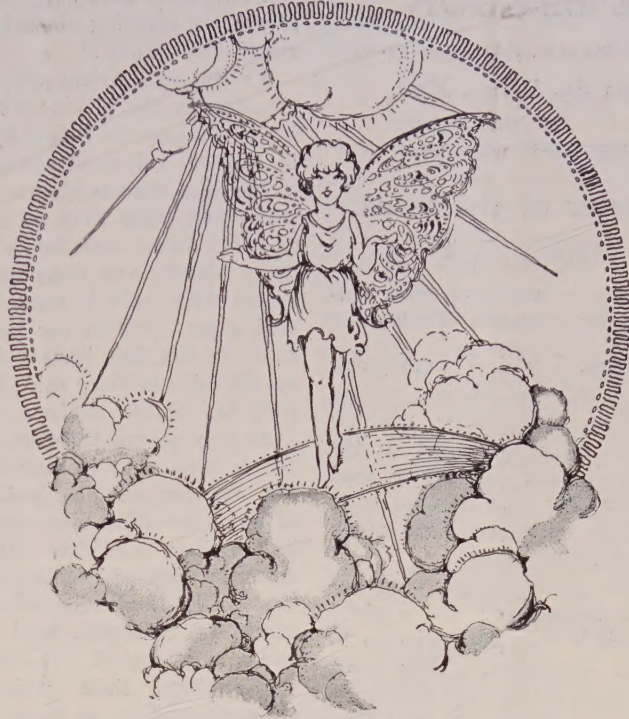
Freddy turned very pale. His lips trembled. He had only eight dollars and seventeen cents.

"Will you save me this doll for a couple of days?"

"Where are you going to get the money, my lad?" Mr. Brennan questioned.

"Out o' my savings bank. But I have only got eight dollars and seventeen cents. Will you hold that doll for me till I've saved ten dollars?" Freddy begged, holding his breath. For he was really anxious to buy just *that* doll, because it was almost exactly like the one whose head he had shot off.

"Sure thing, my boy. I'll hold it for



My Easter Rainbow

BY AGNES MILLER

I saw the Easter eggs I made today
Aglow with rainbow colors fair and gay,

And I remembered how a rainbow told
Of hope for all the world, in days of old;

And then my heart was lifted up with
pride,
To think I'd made, for joyous Eastertide,

An Easter rainbow whose bright hues
could say:

"I help show hope for all the world
to-day!"

you. It's a fine dolly, too. Twenty inches high, movable limbs, porcelain head, real hair, an' everything. It even can say 'Mam-ma'."

Freddy smiled nervously, gave the doll one more look, and left the store. His heart was heavy. Now he could not buy a bicycle, or become a messenger boy. In his mind, he saw that red card glaring at him from Margaret's house. He told himself that it was his fault that Margaret got diphtheria. If she should die? Goodness! he had never thought of that! Fear clutched his heart. Yes, if she should die? — then he wouldn't care for a bicycle anyway. He wouldn't even care to be an electrical engineer. He was the unhappiest boy in the world when he discovered himself entering his house.

As Easter drew near, Freddy heard from classmates that Margaret's birthday was on Easter Sunday this year, and that Margaret would give a party to all her friends. And Freddy was also given to understand that he would not be invited. But Freddy didn't care; at least, he made believe he didn't. Yet he was bitterly disappointed in himself. It was his own fault that he was banished from

Margaret's society. And then he began to avoid even his best friends.

"Easter Sunday," the boy kept murmuring to himself. Anyhow, he had two weeks to make up that one dollar and eighty-three cents. Suddenly an idea came to him. He could gather rags, rubber, paper and old iron and sell his scrap to a junk dealer. And this he did. His savings swelled by leaps and bounds. But all this while, his parents secretly dropped coins into his bank. And it was because of their generous giving that Freddy one evening found he had more money than his notebook showed.

The next day he bought the doll. To his great delight he got a bargain.

"You are a good boy, Freddy," Mr. Brennan praised him. "I'll let you have that doll for nine dollars — and give you an extra dress for the doll to wear on holidays."

"Thank you, Mr. Brennan." Freddy smiled, and counted out nine dollars in nickles, dimes, and pennies. A much happier boy, he hurried home with his precious bundle. And as he came within sight of Margaret's house, another sur-

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THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Master of the Lilies

By Marion Boyd

(The prize story in a story-sermon contest conducted by *Christian Work*.)

"OH, Joseph, I wish I were going with you," said Miriam, as she watched her brother running back and forth from the house to the stables, busily helping his father load the donkey, for they were soon to start on their trip to Jerusalem, and many things must be gotten ready.

"You are too young to go; you are only ten, and besides you are a girl," said Joseph; "it is only boys who go to the temple at Jerusalem. They must promise to keep all the law and they must listen to what the rabbis say, for they are to remember always that they are Israelites."

"But I am an Israelite, too," said Miriam wistfully. "Was I not named for Miriam, the sister of our great leader, Moses?"

"Oh, yes," agreed Joseph, "and our father says next year when little Benjamin is older, we shall all go to the temple, but this year I must go, because I am twelve years old, and it is part of the keeping-of-the-law that I must go," and he threw back his head, and walked very straight.

Soon the little party was on its way, and Miriam, with small Benjamin by her side, watched them until they were out of sight. How she wished she, too, were a boy, and could go sometime to the school of the rabbis, and learn about the keeping-of-the-law and all the things of which Joseph had spoken. Perhaps, too, he would see the wonderful new teacher of whom everyone was speaking, and might even hear him talk.

"But I need you, little daughter," said her mother gently, as Miriam spoke to her of her thoughts, "and there is a law for you to keep, too. It is very like the laws which Joseph must learn. And after you have learned it, you must help me in teaching it to Benjamin. It is a law about being kind and helpful and obedient and loving. It is that law which the great new teacher is teaching all the time."

"Oh, mother, I wish I could see him and hear him," sighed Miriam. "I wish I were a man, I would be one of his followers, but Joseph says that, too, is only for men and for boys."

"Not so, my Miriam; women also follow and help him. Who knows but what

you may some time have the opportunity if you are thinking about it, and getting ready day by day?"

By and by Miriam took little Benjamin out on the hillside where the grass was green and the bright field lilies grew in clusters all over the slope. Some of the lilies were as blue as the sky above them, and some were as yellow as the sunshine. Some were white like the little fleecy clouds, and some as dark as the clouds when rain is near. Miriam gathered great handfuls for the outstretched hands of the little brother, but the choicest she laid carefully aside to carry home with her to her mother.

As they played together, a shadow fell across them, and looking up she saw a tall stranger standing beside her. Back of him were other men who appeared to be traveling with him. He was looking down on them and smiling so kindly that even little Benjamin, who was usually afraid of strangers, held up his little hands and laughed.

"Greetings, little maid," said the stranger, smiling, as he sat down beside her. "May we rest here in the shade with you for a while?"

"You are most welcome, rabbi," replied Miriam, shyly, for she knew he was more than a chance pilgrim on his way to the great city, "and I will bring you a drink of cool water from the spring at the foot of the hill."

Soon she returned with a brimming cup of water, to find the stranger holding Benjamin in his arms and playing with him. Someway Miriam felt as if she, too, had known this stranger all her life, and after he drank the water, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to tell him all the story of her disappointment that she, too, could not go to Jerusalem with her father and brother.

"And perhaps I might have seen the great teacher," she added sadly. "My father saw him at the Feast of Tabernacles, and ever since he has talked of him. I wish I might know him. But my mother says there is much for a girl to learn, also. She says the Law of Love of which the teacher tells is for girls as well as for boys."

"Your mother is right," said the rabbi, smiling at her. "See, my little maid, yonder

are great fields of wheat, and fig trees for bearing of fruit. Below us lie the vineyards which soon will bear their grapes. But here on the hillside the Heavenly Father has spread abroad the lilies of the field. He planted them as surely as the grain or the vines or the trees. They do not even toil or spin, but the Heavenly Father careth for them, and arrayeth them in robes more wonderful than King Solomon ever wore. Be very sure he has a work for you to do, and a place for you to fill. Little brother loves you, your mother needs you, and this very day the cup of cold water, and the sight of a little maid cheerfully doing her duty, have made the day a brighter one for a stranger who sees, alas, many who have failed to learn the lessons the good mother is so lovingly teaching, and the little daughter so loyally learning. See, little brother has brought me some of the choicest flowers; may I carry them with me?"

"Oh, most gladly, master; they were for my mother, but I can easily pick her more, and she would love to have you take them, I know." Then as she looked into the strong tender face above her, and listened to the gentle tones of his voice, her heart swelled within her.

"Oh, master," she cried, "surely the great teacher cannot speak with more love and truth. Surely you have learned from him or have seen him. Oh, I wish I knew where he is, for then would I follow and serve him, as do others."

Into the face of the stranger came a most happy light, as he drew her for a moment within the circle of his arms.

"Little maid," he said softly, "thou hast both seen him and it is he that speaketh with thee; and thy help hath been greater than a little maid may guess," and with the lilies which little Benjamin had given him held in his arms, the Master of the Lilies walked away with his friends.

In Brittany

BY LUCIA OSBORNE BELL

The little Breton children,
They live in Brittany,
And fish with pretty bright blue nets
Upon a deep blue sea.

They clatter on the pavements
With funny, wooden shoes,
And pay for what they buy in shops
With great big copper sous.

The little girls wear caps of white
Upon their pretty heads,
And sleep in closets in the wall,
Instead of sunny beds.

The little boys wear aprons
Of funny black sateen,
I wish you'd go to Brittany
And see what I have seen.

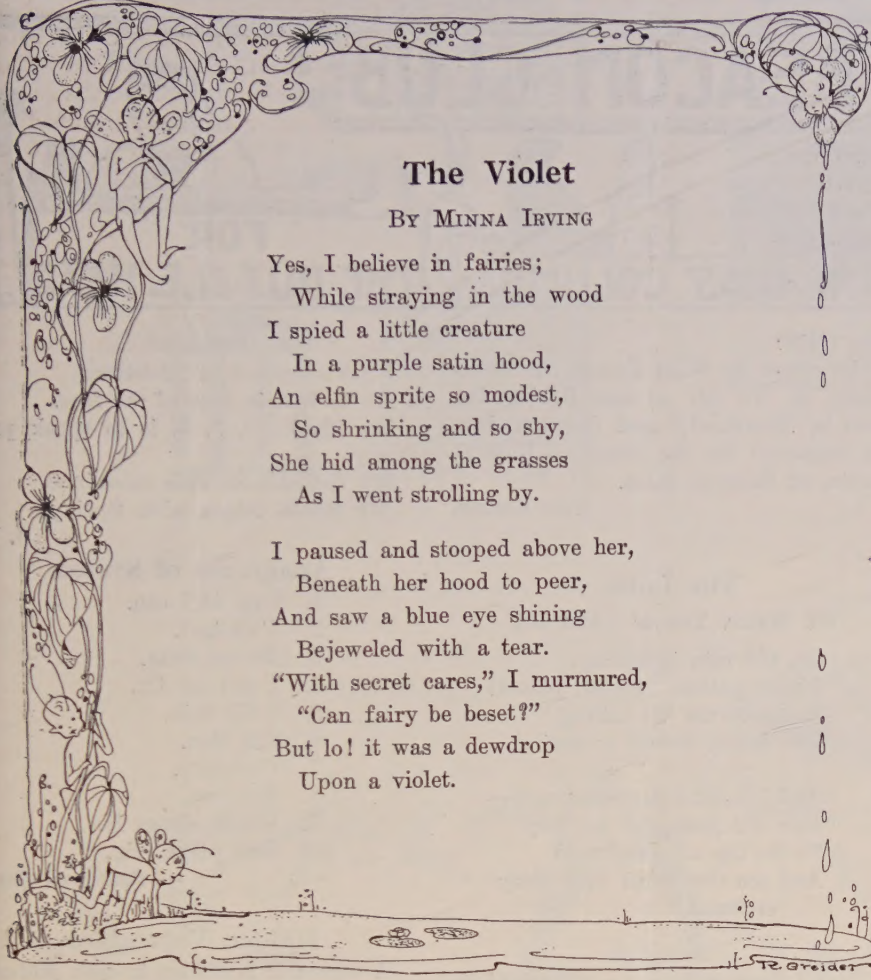
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The Violet

BY MINNA IRVING

Yes, I believe in fairies;
While straying in the wood
I spied a little creature
In a purple satin hood,
An elfin sprite so modest,
So shrinking and so shy,
She hid among the grasses
As I went strolling by.

I paused and stooped above her,
Beneath her hood to peer,
And saw a blue eye shining
Bejeweled with a tear.
"With secret cares," I murmured,
"Can fairy be beset?"
But lo! it was a dewdrop
Upon a violet.

Marks and Markmanship

(Continued from page 163)

prise awaited him. The red card was gone. In his excitement he almost knocked his mother off her feet as he rushed into the kitchen.

After church on Easter Sunday, Freddy rapped at the front door of Margaret's home. The door opened, and Mrs. Baxter appeared.

"I — brought a — little birthday present for Margaret," Freddy stammered bashfully, and handed a neat little package to Mrs. Baxter.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome," Freddy said politely, and scampered home again.

"A present for you, Margaret," Mrs. Baxter said to her daughter. "It's from Freddy Kent."

"It's a sleeping doll!" Margaret cried excitedly, after she had opened the package. "It's just like the one I had." As she lifted the doll out of the silk-lined box, she espied a piece of white paper. It was a note pinned to the extra dress. Unfolding the note, she stared at Freddy's familiar handwriting. She read:

"To Miss Margaret Baxter:

I'm sorry I shot the head off your doll. I didn't mean to, though. I bought you another one just like it with an extra dress for the doll to wear on your birth-

day. I wish you good luck and many more birthdays. I hope you are well and like the doll.

"From FREDDY KENT."

Several minutes later, Freddy saw a little girl come toward his house. He stood at his front door almost before the girl had come to it.

"Margaret Baxter sent me to give you this letter," the girl told him, giving him the message and running back to the Baxter home.

Freddy opened the envelope, unfolded the letter, and read eagerly:

"To Freddy Kent:

I receiv'd your present. Thank you very much. I am well and like the doll. Please come to my birthday party. I am not angry at you any more.

"From MARGARET BAXTER."

Freddy had no doubt that the message came from Margaret Baxter. He recognized her smooth Palmer writing. It was much better than his own. He shoved the precious letter into his spacious trouser pocket and dashed back into the kitchen. He almost flew. He looked into the mirror and nodded, satisfied. He dashed out again. A dozen leaps took him to the front door of Margaret's house, where he found Margaret Baxter waiting for

him at the open door. She had the doll in her arms, and was smiling. And Freddy was happier than he had been for a long time.

What Are We Worth?

For this account of Dr. Elmon's talk the editor is indebted to Mr. David Saville Muzzey, Jr.

JUST what this question means will be clearer when you have heard what the Rev. Carl H. Elmon said about it in a recent talk to the boys of a preparatory school in New Jersey.

Dr. Elmon estimated that each of us was composed of just about ninety-eight cents worth of chemicals: sulphur enough for a few old-fashioned match heads, iron enough for a ten-penny nail, potassium enough for a firecracker, water enough to wet a couple of blankets and carbon and nitrogen and lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop. "Hence," said he, "we are not worth much to start with, and whatever we are to be worth depends on what we make of ourselves."

He told by way of analogy, what can be done with a five-dollar bar of steel. It can be beaten into horse shoes worth ten dollars, or with more work and effort, be made into carpet tacks worth five hundred dollars. By much more pounding, machining, polishing, etc., it can be made into sixteen-thousand-dollars' worth of needles. But by a tremendous amount of patient labor by skilled men, it can be made into hairsprings for watches worth two hundred thousand dollars. Thus — though human worth cannot be appraised in dollars — we can do much or little with our ninety-eight cents' worth, according as our spirit works on it.

News from the Schools

In the church school at New Orleans, La., special emphasis has been put upon the work in the Kindergarten, under the leadership of Mrs. A. M. Shaw. In one year this department has grown from a class of nine pupils and one teacher to an enrollment of twenty-one members, in three classes, and with three teachers.

An interesting method for promoting regular attendance is in use in the school at Troy, N. Y. This is a "flag and ladder" contest. Each child is represented by a small silk flag which mounts a ladder 300 feet tall, rung by rung, 10 feet to a rung. (The ladder is about 12 feet by the scale of inches.) There is a credit of 10 feet for punctuality in attendance, 20 feet for a guest, 30 feet for a new pupil. The contest is to see which child will first place his flag beside the flag which is placed at the top of the ladder.

On Sunday, January 27, the First Unitarian Church School of Niagara Falls, N. Y., held the first service in their newly completed church-school room, and indications point to a much larger and more interesting school in the near future.



Dear New Members:

We are glad to know that you like *The Beacon* and hope you will enjoy our Club. Just now our letters are mostly from boys and girls in Massachusetts, but we have members in almost every state, in Canada, England, and Scotland. The more the merrier!

THE EDITOR.

27 RICHMOND ST.,
WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

Dear Editor: Your "Enigma" column has always interested me very much, so I am enclosing one with this letter. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and find it full of interesting stories.

I attend the Theodore Parker Church of West Roxbury. I also attend the Sunday school connected with this church. This year we are studying "Heroic Lives," a book which I find full of interesting stories of many heroes.

I should like very much to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear its pin.

Your friend,
MADELEINE ROWSE.

57 OTIS STREET,
NEEDHAM, MASS.

Dear Miss Johnson: I hope you enjoy being the Beacon Club editor. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. Our minister's name is Mr. Ben Franklin Allen. My Sunday School teacher's name is Mrs. Mills. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. This year is the second year I have taken *The Beacon*. I should like very much to belong to The Beacon Club and wear its button. I am enclosing a story I should like to see printed in *The Beacon*.

Very truly yours,
ELEANOR CALDWELL.

5 CIRCUIT ROAD,
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Dear Beacon Club: I am nine years old and I go to the First Church in Chestnut Hill. It is a Unitarian church. My mother was the first lady married in it. I should like to be a member of The Beacon Club. I should like to correspond with other members. I enjoy The Beacon Club very much and I hope you will like this letter.

Your friend,
NANCY SWIFT.

Dear Cubs:

The verses by Willa Towne, of Schenectady, N. Y., tell us that Spring has come in "Bearland," and vacation days are suggested by the story of Ray F. Austin, of Belmont, Mass.

THE EDITOR.

The Rain

BY WILLA TOWNE (AGE 10)

Oh, the rain is falling,
Pitter, patter! Pitter, patter!
Seems to me 'tis calling
The dainty flowers to spring.

And I think I hear them say —
"Now I'll just push my way
To the top of the ground
And see the world with glory
crowned."

What I Saw When on a Vacation

BY RAY F. AUSTIN (AGE 11)

ONE day when I was out with my father we saw a snake with a frog in his mouth. My father went into a shed and brought out a shovel; he put the shovel on the snake's neck and worked it so that he pushed the frog out. Then the snake started to glide away, but my father killed him before he reached the other side of the road; then he took the frog and took him down to the lake and threw him in the water; and that is the last I ever saw of him.

HUDSON, MASS.

Dear Miss Johnson: I was very pleased when I got my Beacon pin. I think it is pretty and like it very much. I want to thank you for it.

I am sending you a story I wrote. Maybe you will accept it.

Your friend,
DOROTHEA HARDING.

17 KNOWLTON ST.,
BEVERLY, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am ten years old and I go to the First Unitarian Church in Beverly. I should like to join The Beacon Club and wear its pin.

Yours truly,
MARJORIE SENNETT.

Enigma

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 5, 4, 2, is part of the face.
My 12, 9, 10, 1, 3, is to speak profanely.
My 7, 8, 11, 6, 10, is an animal.
My whole comes with Spring.

J. W.

Anagrams of States

1. Oral if I can.
2. I'do larf.
3. Me no stain.
4. I sail on Ua.
5. I rig vain.
6. Sili lion.
7. Chaiming.
8. Regiogo.
9. Status chases M.
10. Ann plays vein.

— Scattered Seeds

Hidden Vegetables

A vegetable is hidden in each sentence. Nos. 2, 5 and 10 have two vegetables. The first is corn.

1. Whether we go to the picnic or not depends on you.
2. Until you return, I promise not to pick a leaf from that tree.
3. In Boston, I only stayed two days.
4. She is a friend I very seldom see.
5. I hope Arthur will not be angry at me.
6. He became used to the custom once.
7. I found the wasp in a child's hair.
8. The man at the pump kindly filled my pail with water.
9. If you will describe Ethel, I will try to find her.
10. I see Conrad is here on the spot at one o'clock.

— The Porters

Answers to Puzzles in No. 25

Enigma. — Welcome to Spring.

Twisted Cities. — 1. Tampa. 2. Versailles. 3. San Diego. 4. Jerusalem. 5. Rio de Janeiro. 6. Santiago. 7. Copenhagen. 8. Constantinople. 9. Santa Fe. 10. Moscow.

Hydra-Headed Words. — Sinner, dinner, winner. 2. Clatter, platter, flatter. 3. Power, lower, mower, bower. 4. Tally, dally, Sally, rally. 5. Berry, merry, ferry. 6. Hallow, sallow, tallow, fallow.